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THREE-ISSUE COLLECTOR'S SERIES

E-man™

E*MAN

NOVA

ALGERNON WALLSTONE

MEDULLA

A DARK THING

STUFF SO FAR

E-Man and his love-struck comrades, Sir Mel and Princess Shann, discovered that even on a planet of peace, paradise demands a huge price. After combating a blackhearted knight and far too many scary monsters, E-Man made like a rocket and headed towards Arcturus, still oblivious to those weird, dark things that want him eliminated!

Meanwhile, Nova's out of the cold and back at Xanadu U. with Teddy Q., unaware of some *serious* trouble ahead—an old foe with revenge on the brain *and* Vamfire's television debut. Should Elvira, B-rated hostess of fright flicks, prepare to relinquish her throne? Stay tuned...

—Shelly

E-Man v.4 #3, March 1990. Published by Comico The Comic Company, 1547 DeKalb Street, Norristown, PA 19401.
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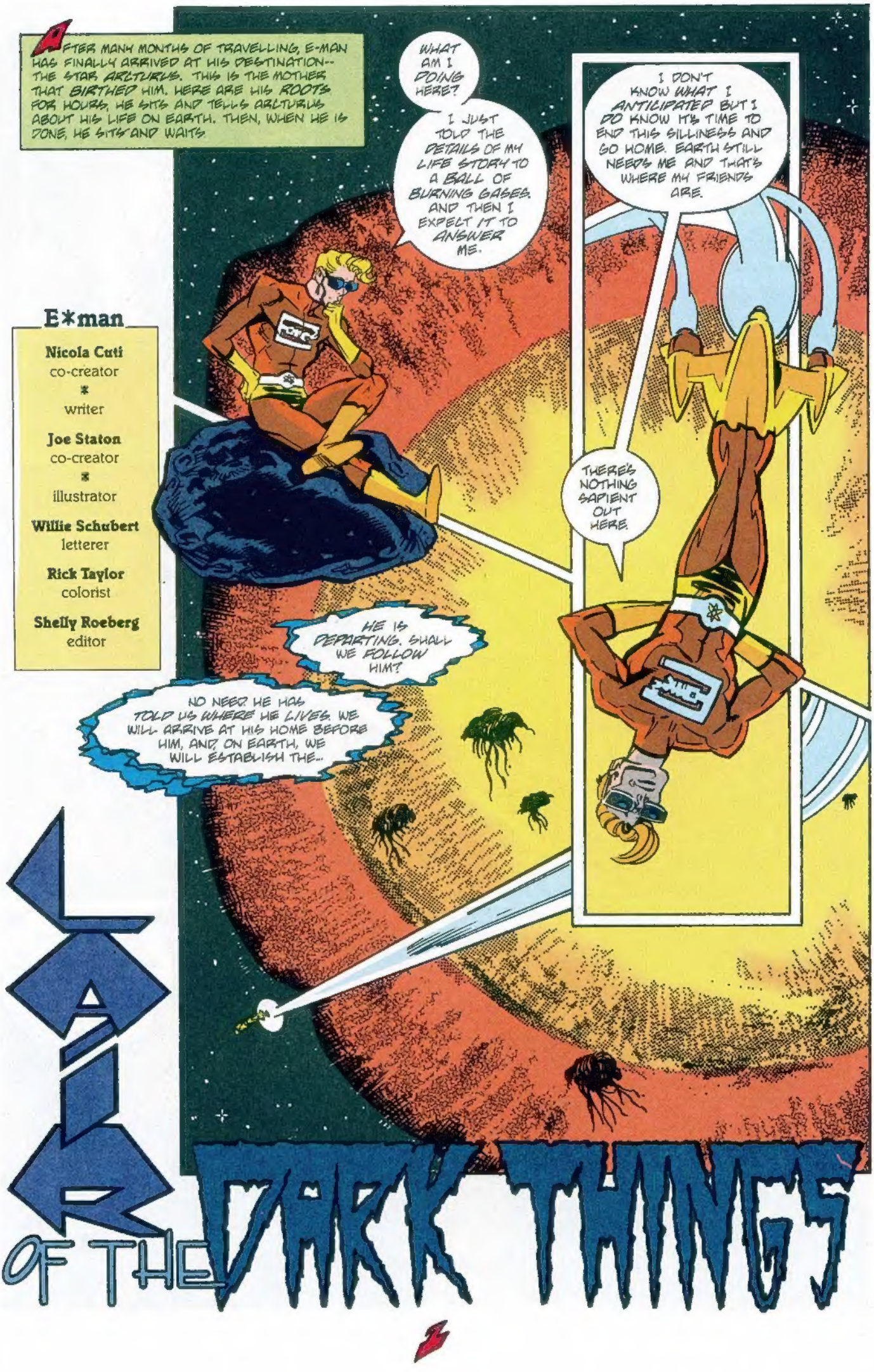
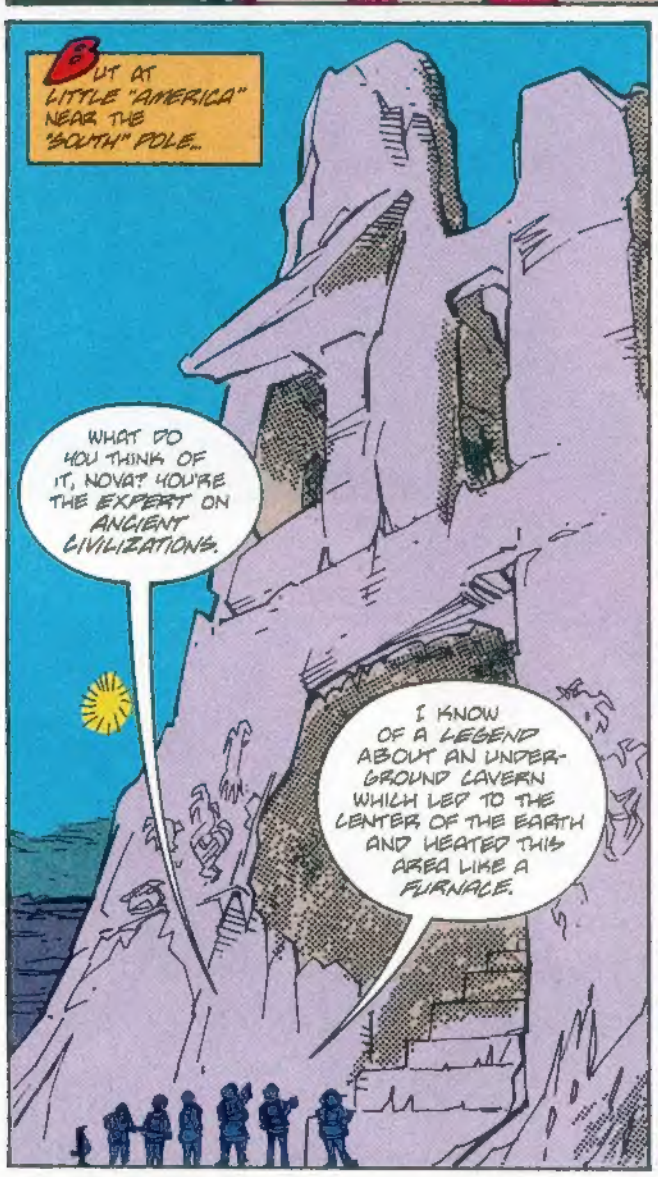

AFTER MANY MONTHS OF TRAVELLING, E-MAN HAS FINALLY ARRIVED AT HIS DESTINATION--THE STAR, ARLTURUS. THIS IS THE MOTHER THAT BIRTHED HIM. HERE ARE HIS ROOTS. FOR HOURS, HE SITS AND TELLS ARLTURUS ABOUT HIS LIFE ON EARTH. THEN, WHEN HE IS DONE, HE SITS AND WAITS.
WHAT AM I DOING HERE?
I JUST TOLD THE DETAILS OF MY LIFE STORY TO A BALL OF BURNING GASES. AND THEN I EXPECT IT TO ANSWER ME.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I ANTICIPATED BUT I DO KNOW IT'S TIME TO END THIS SILLINESS AND GO HOME. EARTH STILL NEEDS ME AND THAT'S WHERE MY FRIENDS ARE.
THERE'S NOTHING SAPIENT OUT HERE.
HE IS DEPARTING. SHALL WE FOLLOW HIM?
NO NEED. HE HAS TOLD US WHERE HE LIVES. WE WILL ARRIVE AT HIS HOME BEFORE HIM, AND, ON EARTH, WE WILL ESTABLISH THE...
E*man
Nicola Cuti
co-creator
*
writer
Joe Staton
co-creator
*
illustrator
Willie Schubert
letterer
Rick Taylor
colorist
Shelly Roeberg
editor
LAIR
OF THE
DARK THINGS
2

IF YOU FIND YOURSELF AWAKE AT 2:00 A.M. ON SATURDAY MORNING AND YOU CAN'T RETURN TO SLEEP, YOU MIGHT TRY WHAT OTHER INSOMNIACS DO: WARM UP A POT OF MILK, BREAK OPEN A BOX OF TOLLHOUSE COOKIES, AND TURN ON CHANNEL 69.
BAD EVENING, ALL YOU LITTLE GHOULIES AND GHOULETTES. WE HAVE A TASTY MORSEL FOR YOU TONIGHT--A REAL LATE NIGHT SNACK CALLED "THE BRAIN-EATER FROM PLANET X."
SO FILL UP A BOWL WITH WALNUTS AND LET'S DEVOUR THIS MOVIE TOGETHER.
CUT TO THE MOVIE.
GLAH! WHO WRITES THIS TRIPE-OLA?
I WRITE THE STUFF AND IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT, WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?
VAMPIRE! I'VE WAITED TWO HOURS TO SEE YOU. WILL YOU PLEASE WAIT UP SO I CAN ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS?
JUST THIS, BIG BOY!
KRO!
HO-GEEZ!
IZAN!
I WISH SHE'D HAVE TIGHTER CONTROL OVER HER TEMPER. I CAN MAKE A CAREER OUT OF JUST RESTORING EVERYTHING MY SISTER DRAINS DRY.

WILL YOU PLEASE LET ME IN? I ONLY WANT TO FIND OUT IF YOU KNOW WHERE NOVA MIGHT BE. SHE'S NOT AT HER APARTMENT.
COME IN, SWEETIE.
WHEW! I HATE TEMPERAMENTAL STARS.

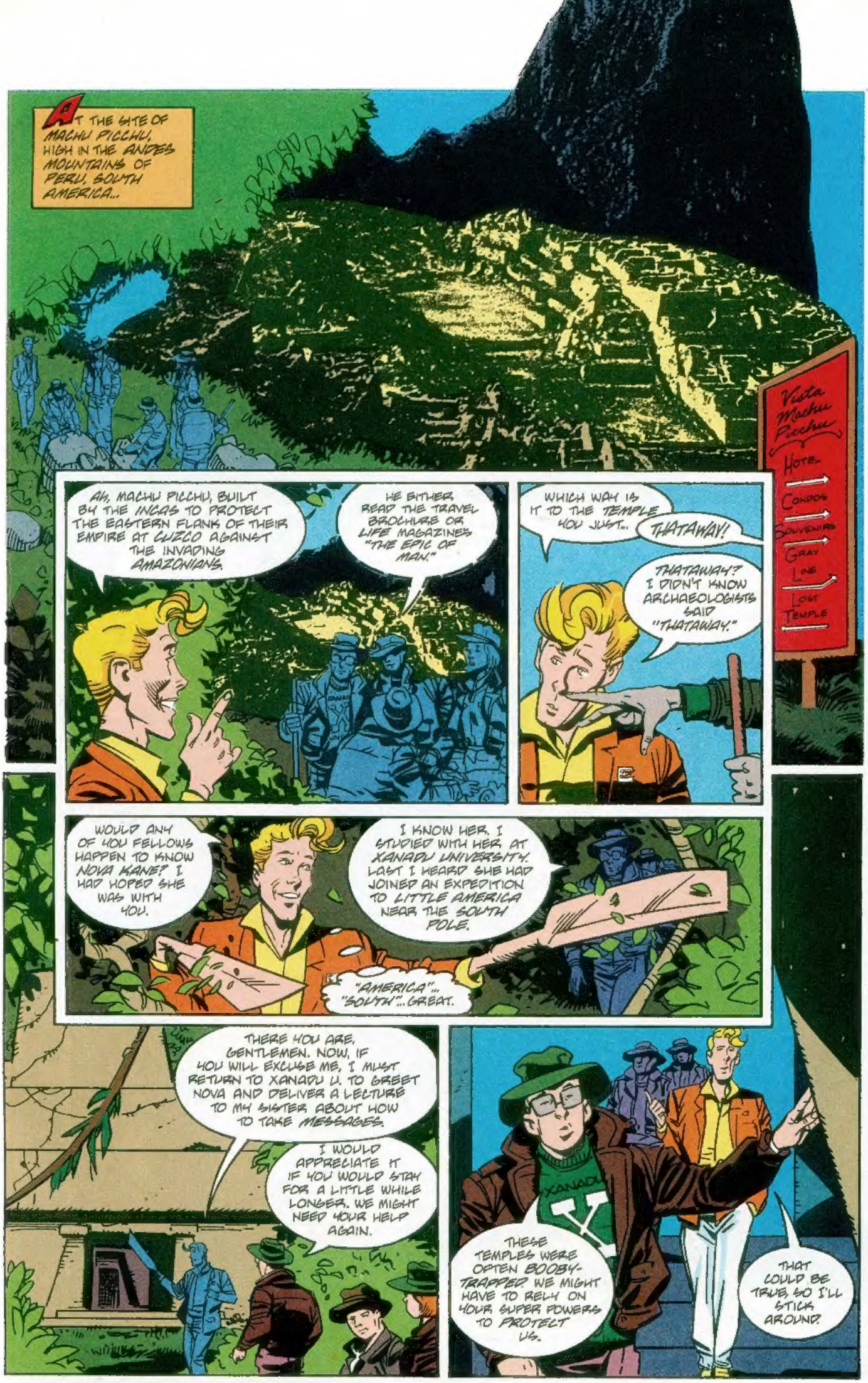
SHE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT GOING ON AN EXPEDITION DOWN SOUTH SOMEWHERE. I THINK SHE ALSO SAID AMERICA.
VAMFIRE'S
WORSTED WOOLLEY YARNS
YEAH, THAT COULD BE. I HEARD A NEWSCAST ABOUT AN EXPEDITION TO THE LOST CITY OF MACHU PICCHU IN SOUTH AMERICA.
NOVA WOULD LIKELY BE THERE. SHE LIKES THE WARM CLIMATES.


BUT AT LITTLE "AMERICA" NEAR THE "SOUTH" POLE...
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT, NOVA? YOU'RE THE EXPERT ON ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS.
I KNOW OF A LEGEND ABOUT AN UNDER-GROUND CAVERN WHICH LED TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH AND HEATED THIS AREA LIKE A FURNACE.

THE AREA WAS LUSH WITH TROPICAL JUNGLES AND THERE WERE BOTH ANIMALS AND PEOPLE LIVING HERE. AS THE CENTER COOLED, THE POLES BECAME COLDER AND THE PEOPLE RETREATED.
THIS TEMPLE MIGHT HAVE BEEN BUILT BY THE LAST SURVIVORS WITH HOPES OF MAKING THE AREA WARM AGAIN.
SOUNDS LIKE A TALE BELONGING IN A CATEGORY WITH SEA MONSTERS AND LITTLE GREEN MEN FROM MARS.

YOU'RE PROBABLY RIGHT, THOUGH A "FRIEND" OF MINE AND I DISCOVERED SUCH A CAVERN AT THE NORTH POLE A FEW YEARS AGO.*
*SEE THE ORIGINAL E-MAN, ISSUE #8, MAY 1975—SHELLY

I SUPPOSE YOU CAN RECOGNIZE THIS BEAUTY. WE'VE SEARCHED THROUGH ALL OF OUR VOLUMES ON MYTHOLOGY AND WE CAN'T PLACE HIM.
ZUGTZOG! THE TERRIBLE GOD OF THE NUCLIAN PEOPLE. HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE GIGANTIC, SO LET'S HOPE HE'S IN THAT SEA MONSTER/GREEN MEN CATEGORY YOU MENTIONED.
GARRRRR!
WHOA! HE'S IN A CATEGORY ALL HIS OWN!
TIME FOR NOVA TO APPEAR IN HER SKIMPY COSTUME. THIS IS ONE MOMENT I'D LIKE TO ARRIVE IN A PAIR OF FLANNEL LONG JOHNS.
I DO HAVE AN IMAGE TO MAINTAIN.
AND RIGHT NOW, NEITHER MY IMAGE NOR MY POWER BOLTS ARE DOING TOO WELL.
ZZZZAP!
GARRR!
TZZTZ!
MY GOD! HE HAS RANDOLPH AND HE'S GOING TO...
SPLANG!
TO QUOTE ONE OF THE WORKERS AT THREE MILE ISLAND, "HERE COMES THE MELT-DOWN!"
IZZZ!
IS IT... chatter, chatter.. OVER? CAN I CH-CH-CHANGE BACK INTO MY NICE FUR-LINED PARKA?
GEE, NOVA HE MIGHT LEAP OUT OF THAT POOL ANY SECOND. MAYBE YOU'D BETTER STAY ON ALERT FOR A WHILE.
I BET YOU DON'T GET TO SEE MANY GALS IN BATHING... chatter.. SUITS DOWN HERE, DO YOU?


AT THE SITE OF MACHU PICCHU, HIGH IN THE ANDES MOUNTAINS OF PERU, SOUTH AMERICA...
Vista Machu Piccho
Hotel
Condos
Souvenirs
Gray Line
Lost Temple
AH, MACHU PICCHU, BUILT BY THE INCAS TO PROTECT THE EASTERN FLANK OF THEIR EMPIRE AT CUZCO AGAINST THE INVADING AMAZONIANS.
HE EITHER READ THE TRAVEL BROCHURE OR LIFE MAGAZINE'S "THE EPIC OF MAN."
WHICH WAY IS IT TO THE TEMPLE YOU JUST...
THATAWAY!
THATAWAY? I DIDN'T KNOW ARCHAEOLOGISTS SAID "THATAWAY."
WOULD ANY OF YOU FELLOWS HAPPEN TO KNOW NOVA KANE? I HAD HOPED SHE WAS WITH YOU.
I KNOW HER. I STUDIED WITH HER AT XANADU UNIVERSITY. LAST I HEARD SHE HAD JOINED AN EXPEDITION TO LITTLE AMERICA NEAR THE SOUTH POLE.
"AMERICA"... "SOUTH"... GREAT.
THERE YOU ARE, GENTLEMEN. NOW, IF YOU WILL EXCUSE ME, I MUST RETURN TO XANADU U. TO GREET NOVA AND DELIVER A LECTURE TO MY SISTER ABOUT HOW TO TAKE MESSAGES.
I WOULD APPRECIATE IT IF YOU WOULD STAY FOR A LITTLE WHILE LONGER. WE MIGHT NEED YOUR HELP AGAIN.
XANADU
THESE TEMPLES WERE OFTEN BOOBY-TRAPPED! WE MIGHT HAVE TO RELY ON YOUR SUPER POWERS TO PROTECT US.
THAT COULD BE TRUE, SO I'LL STICK AROUND.

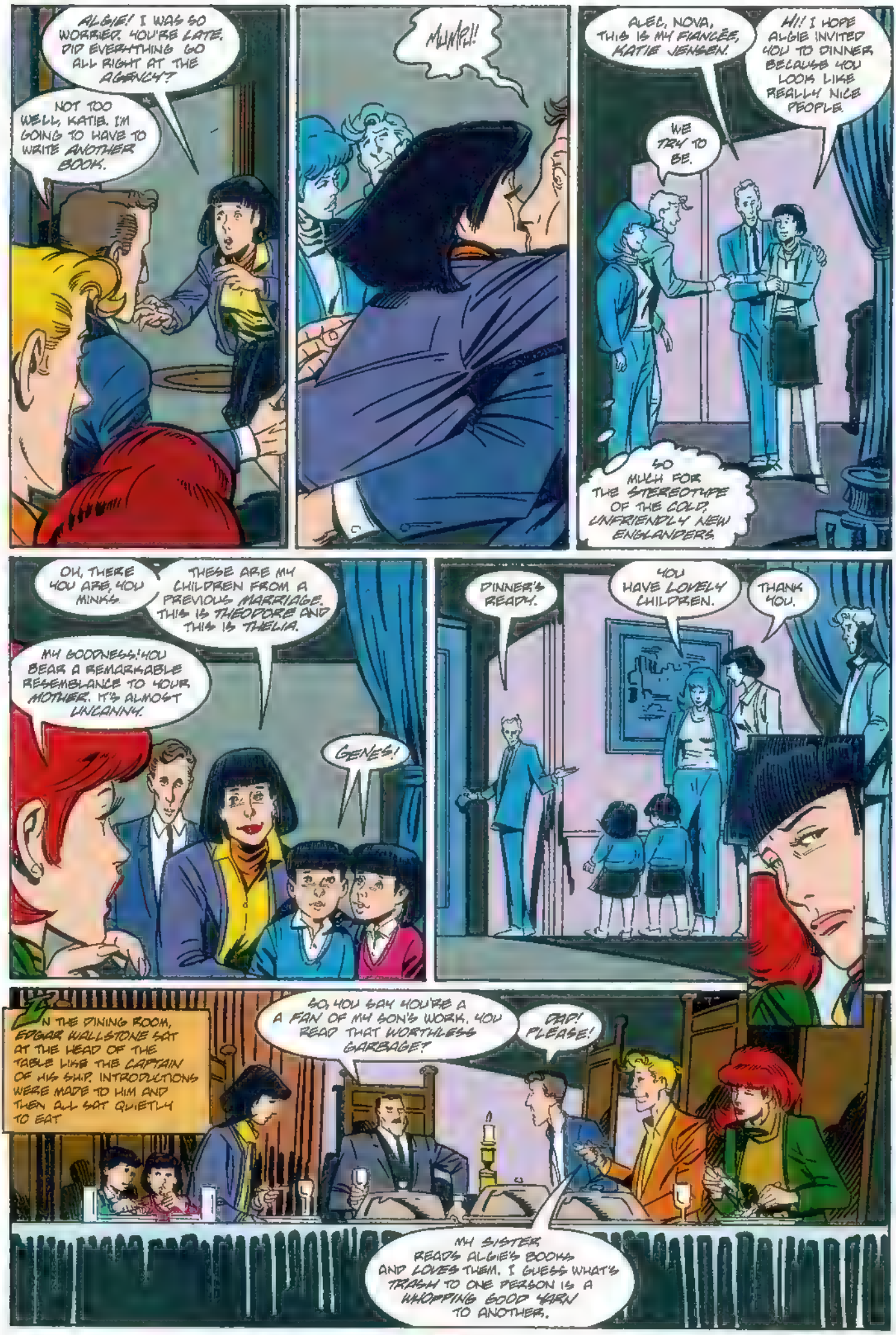
THERE'S ONE OF THOSE TRAPS. IF THE ROPE BREAKS, THE SLAB WILL FALL AND SEAL US IN THE CHAMBER--FOREVER. YOU STAY OUT HERE, E-MAN, AND WATCH THE ROPE.
UH... I PREFER TO BE CALLED ALEC TRONN WHEN I'M IN MUFTI. YOU CAN CALL ME--
WE GET THE IDEA, ALEC.
DO YOU SEE ANYTHING YET?
YES, I DO!
IT'S THE INCA GOD... VIRACOCHA! AND IT'S ALIVE!
E-MAN... ALEC! USE YOUR POWERS TO DEFEND US!
VRROOOSH!
BOOM!
THERE'S AN ANCIENT PERUVIAN ADAGE WHICH SAYS: "NEVER USE YOUR SUPER POWERS WHEN A SWISS ARMY KNIFE WILL DO THE JOB."

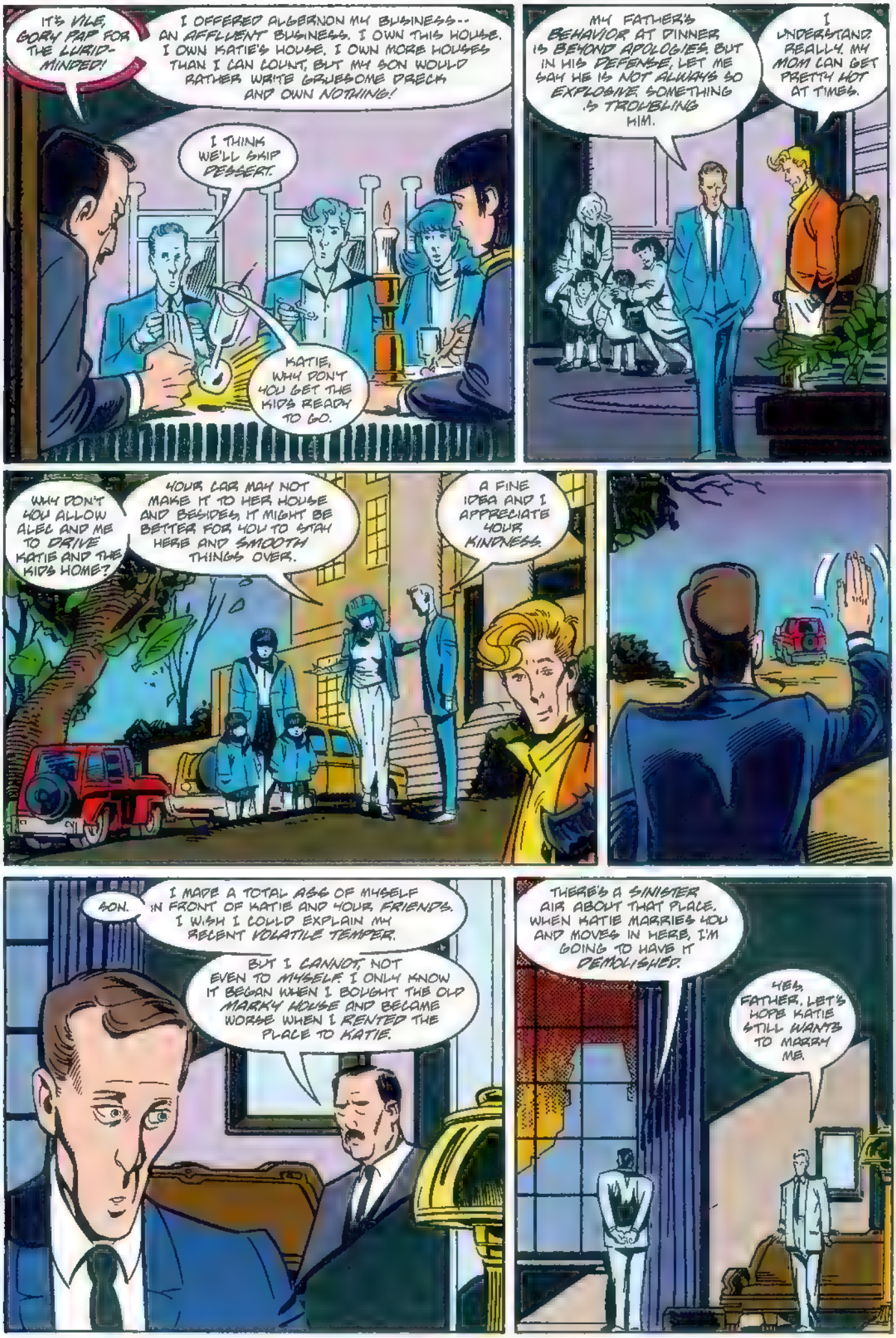
AT A TINY COFFEE SHOP JUST OUTSIDE XANADU UNIVERSITY A FEW DAYS LATER...
Joe and Nick's
Eat at Joe and Nick's
COLERIDGE'S
DULCIMERS & SCHOOL SUPPLIES
XANADU UNIVERSITY
BLAH! WHAT IS THIS MUCK?
WELL, YOU ORDERED JOE'S SPECIAL AGED BLEND.
WHAT JOE DOES IS HE TAKES THE GRINDS FROM ALL THE LEFTOVER FILTERS AND THEN HE--
STOP! I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANYMORE. JUST HAVE TEDDY BRING ME A GLASS OF WATER.
LISTEN TO THIS, NOVA, "SEA MONSTER ATTACKS JAPANESE WHALING SHIP. NO SURVIVORS."
WHERE ARE ALL THESE MONSTERS COMING FROM?
THE DAILY DAILY!
BIG MONSTERS EVERYWHERE!
TOHO DENIES RESPONSIBILITY!
FJA CONSULTED!
MONSTER TRUCK RALLY BANNED!
PRO-DEMOCRACY UPRISING IN SLOBBOVIA
FROM OUTER SPACE, ALEC. FROM ARCTURUS TO BE EXACT, AND THERE IS EVERY INDICATION YOU ARE THE ONE WHO BROUGHT THEM HERE.
MOI?
THAT'S QUITE AN ACCUSATION, VIKTORIA. CAN YOU PROVE WHAT YOU SAY?
FIGHTING CONTINUES IN BEIRUT!
BYRNE QUITS AGAIN!
THE PROOF IS THERE AT ANALOG HALL IN THE NEW COMPUTER. COME WITH ME AND I'LL SHOW YOU.
CRAASH!
LOG HALL
TER DEPT.
THERE WAS A METEOR SHOWER TWO DAYS BEFORE YOUR ARRIVAL BACK ON EARTH. SEVERAL METEORS FELL IN NEW ENGLAND. ONE FELL INTO THE PACIFIC OCEAN. ONE DROPPED NEAR LITTLE AMERICA AND THE LAST FELL IN PERU.
CREWS WERE SENT TO THE IMPACT SITES BUT SO FAR, NONE OF THE METEORITES HAVE BEEN RECOVERED
I SEE. FUNNY, WE KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THE ONES IN THE PACIFIC, SOUTH AMERICA, AND THE SOUTH POLE, YET IN THE MOST POPULATED OF ALL THESE AREAS, NEW ENGLAND, WE HAVEN'T HEARD ANYTHING.

The lightning split open the thick atmosphere which engulfed the tiny observatory like an axman's wedge in a stump of dried wood here atop Witches' Hill in Beacon Falls, Connecticut is where the horror began.
Those idiots ridiculed my theory about the Dark Ones. But tonight, I will prove they exist. For tonight, they are coming!
Science, my dear Tiffany, tells us that the universe was created when a primordial atom composed of highly-concentrated cosmic material... exploded.
Yes, Doctor Bradly. That's the Big Bang Theory.
But I say there are an infinite number of these exploding atoms-- an infinite number of universes.
You're sooo brilliant, Doctor.
And, lurking in the void between the universes, gobbling up the cosmic material spilling into the void are... the Dark Things!
BANG!
So scary, just thinking about them out there.
Ah, but they are not always "out there."
Like wolves, they sometimes come in searching for food. Then there is small hope for civilized worlds, for no force on earth can resist their terrible quest to quench their hunger!
They're here! Gawd, help us, they're here!

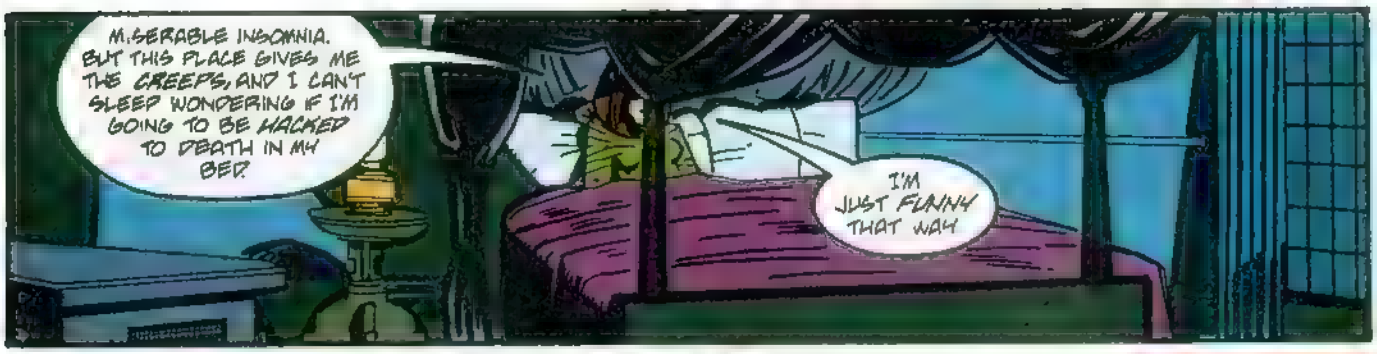
THEY MUST BE INTELLIGENT! THEY'VE DESCENDED HERE FIRST BECAUSE THEY KNEW I WAS PREPARING TO GIVE THE ALARM.
HERE IS ALL THE PROOF YOU NEED, DOCTOR, BUT WHAT CAN WE DO ABOUT THIS MENACE?
BESIDES DYING, NOT A LOT. BUT WE'LL DIE KNOWING--
BANG
BANG
BANG
SLAM!
LAIR OF THE CHAOK THINGS
BY MCCALLISON WILLSTONE
ALGIE, YOU'VE SAID THIS ALL BEFORE... AND BETTER! THE HANDSOME, YOUNG ASTRONOMER, HIS CLINGING, SEXY ASSISTANT, THE DEVOTED HUNCHBACK... A CLICHÉ!
YOUR READERS WANT SOMETHING NEW... FRESH.
BUT, REALLY, MISTER MCCALL, I'VE CREATED AN OMNIVERSE WHERE ALL OF MY STORIES ARE SET. IF I DID SOMETHING DIFFERENT, IT WOULDN'T FIT INTO MY OVERALL SCHEME.
SORRY, ALGIE, BUT IT'S NEW OR NOTHING. TRY A VAMPIRE OR WEREWOLF STORY--THEY'RE BIG TODAY. AND WILL YOU SEND IN THE NEXT WRITER?
STEVE, COME IN.
JOHN MCCALL LITERARY AGENT
SON OF CHAOS

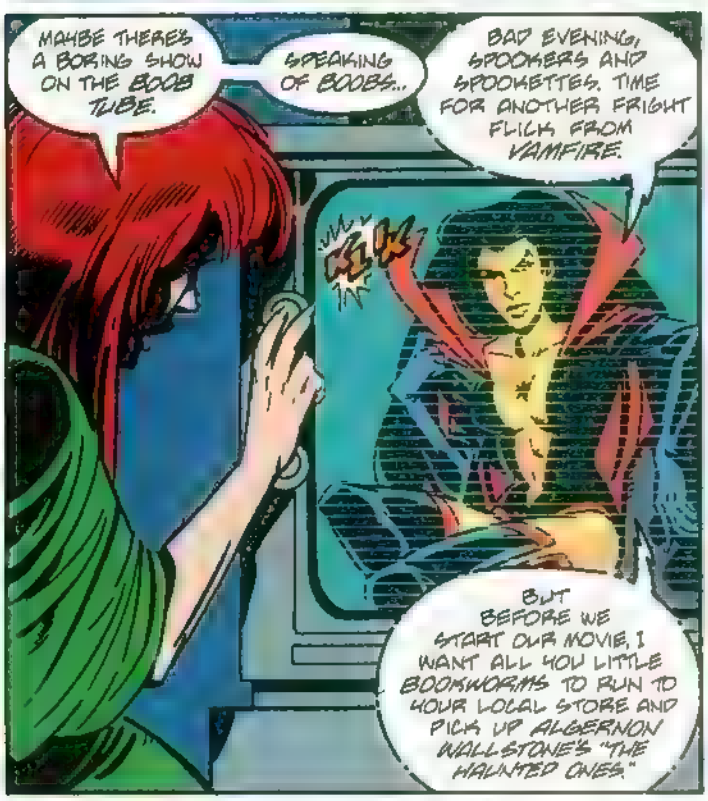
HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND OR HE WOULDN'T ASK ME TO WRITE A...YUCH... VAMPIRE STORY! SUCH CREATURES AREN'T PART OF MY OMNIVERSE.
RIGHTA-RIGHTO-FIT!
AW! WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS CAR NOW?
BANGOR MAINE
WHY AM I BOTHERING TO LOOK UNDER THE HOOD? I DON'T KNOW WHAT THESE GIZMOS ARE.
MAYBE WE CAN GIVE YOU A HAND. WE'RE WHIZZES AT FIXING MACHINERY.
HEY, I KNOW YOU. E-MAN AND NOVA, RIGHT?
ALEC TRONN AND NOVA KANE, OKAY?
YOU PROBABLY NEED A BATTERY JUMP. LET'S GIVE IT A TRY.
CONTACT! SHE STARTED
THE BATTERY WON'T HOLD A CHARGE. IT COULD DIE AGAIN AT ANY TIME
MUCH LIKE AN "E-MAN" COMIC RUN.
WE'LL FOLLOW YOU TO MAKE SURE YOU GET HOME.
WROUUUM!
WOW! YOU LIVE HERE? MY SISTER TOLD ME YOU WERE A GOOD WRITER. I DIDN'T REALIZE JUST HOW GOOD YOU WERE.
IT'S MY DAD'S HOUSE. HE'S IN REAL ESTATE.
I LIVE HERE BECAUSE I CAN'T AFFORD TO LIVE ON MY OWN. FAME AND FORTUNE DO NOT NECESSARILY GO HAND IN HAND.
I APPRECIATE YOUR KINDNESS AND... UH, MY DAD IS HAVING THIS SPECIAL DINNER FOR ME AND MY FIANCÉE THERE'S PLENTY OF FOOD AND I SURE WOULD LIKE YOU TO JOIN US.
WE DID HAVE OUR HEARTS SET ON THIS QUAINT DINER WE PASSED CALLED ROCKY'S PTOMAINE KITCHEN, BUT WE'LL GO ANOTHER TIME
GREAT.


ALGIE! I WAS SO WORRIED. YOU'RE LATE. DID EVERYTHING GO ALL RIGHT AT THE AGENCY?
NOT TOO WELL, KATIE. I'M GOING TO HAVE TO WRITE ANOTHER BOOK.
MUMPH!!
ALEC, NOVA, THIS IS MY FIANCÉE, KATIE JENSEN.
HI!! I HOPE ALGIE INVITED YOU TO DINNER, BECAUSE YOU LOOK LIKE REALLY NICE PEOPLE.
WE TRY TO BE.
SO MUCH FOR THE STEREOTYPE OF THE COLD, UNFRIENDLY NEW ENGLANDERS.
OH, THERE YOU ARE, YOU MINKS.
THESE ARE MY CHILDREN FROM A PREVIOUS MARRIAGE. THIS IS THEODORE AND THIS IS THELIA.
MY GOODNESS! YOU BEAR A REMARKABLE RESEMBLANCE TO YOUR MOTHER. IT'S ALMOST UNCANNY.
GENES!
DINNER'S READY.
YOU HAVE LOVELY CHILDREN.
THANK YOU.
IN THE DINING ROOM, EDGAR WALLSTONE SAT AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE LIKE THE CAPTAIN OF HIS SHIP. INTRODUCTIONS WERE MADE TO HIM AND THEN ALL SAT QUIETLY TO EAT
SO, YOU SAY YOU'RE A A FAN OF MY SON'S WORK. YOU READ THAT WORTHLESS GARBAGE?
DAD! PLEASE!
MY SISTER READS ALGIE'S BOOKS AND LOVES THEM. I GUESS WHAT'S TRASH TO ONE PERSON IS A RIPPING GOOD YARN TO ANOTHER.

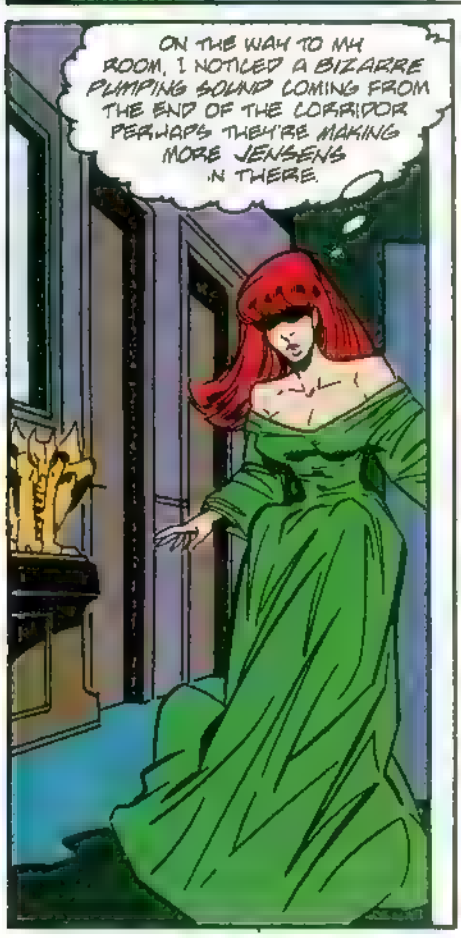

IT'S VILE, GORY PAP FOR THE LURID-MINDED!
I OFFERED ALGERNON MY BUSINESS-- AN AFFLUENT BUSINESS. I OWN THIS HOUSE. I OWN KATIE'S HOUSE. I OWN MORE HOUSES THAN I CAN COUNT, BUT MY SON WOULD RATHER WRITE GRUESOME DRECK AND OWN NOTHING!
I THINK WE'LL SKIP DESSERT.
KATIE, WHY DON'T YOU GET THE KIDS READY TO GO.
MY FATHER'S BEHAVIOR AT DINNER IS BEYOND APOLOGIES. BUT IN HIS DEFENSE, LET ME SAY HE IS NOT ALWAYS SO EXPLOSIVE. SOMETHING IS TROUBLING HIM.
I UNDERSTAND. REALLY. MY MOM CAN GET PRETTY HOT AT TIMES.
WHY DON'T YOU ALLOW ALEC AND ME TO DRIVE KATIE AND THE KIDS HOME?
YOUR CAR MAY NOT MAKE IT TO HER HOUSE AND BESIDES, IT MIGHT BE BETTER FOR YOU TO STAY HERE AND SMOOTH THINGS OVER.
A FINE IDEA AND I APPRECIATE YOUR KINDNESS.
SON.
I MADE A TOTAL ASS OF MYSELF IN FRONT OF KATIE AND YOUR FRIENDS. I WISH I COULD EXPLAIN MY RECENT VOLATILE TEMPER.
BUT I CANNOT, NOT EVEN TO MYSELF. I ONLY KNOW IT BEGAN WHEN I BOUGHT THE OLD MARKY HOUSE AND BECAME WORSE WHEN I RENTED THE PLACE TO KATIE.
THERE'S A SINISTER AIR ABOUT THAT PLACE. WHEN KATIE MARRIES YOU AND MOVES IN HERE, I'M GOING TO HAVE IT DEMOLISHED.
YES, FATHER. LET'S HOPE KATIE STILL WANTS TO MARRY ME.

THE HOUSE SEEMS AWFULLY LARGE FOR JUST YOU AND THE KIDS.
MY FOLKS AND MY COUSINS DROVE UP FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE. THEY'RE HELPING ME F.X UP THE PLACE.
WHY DID YOU SUDDENLY STOP, ALEC?
I DIDN'T STOP. THE JEEP IS STUCK.
I'VE NEVER SEEN A SUBSTANCE LIKE THIS BEFORE. IT'S NOT MUD OR MOSS. SOME KIND OF GOO. WE'RE STUCK TIGHT.
WE CAN WALK TO THE HOUSE FROM HERE.
YOU CAN STAY THE NIGHT, AND IN THE MORNING MY FAMILY CAN PULL YOU FREE.
WORKS FOR ME.
HI, MOM. CAN WE GET THE EXTRA ROOMS UPSTAIRS READY? THESE NICE PEOPLE WILL BE STAYING OVER.
SURE, SURE COME ON IN.
YOU GO RIGHT ON UPSTAIRS. WE'LL BRING YOU FRESH SHEETS AND PILLOWS IN A FEW MINUTES.
HONEY, I'VE SEEN STRONG FAMILY RESEMBLANCES IN MY TIME, BUT THEY ALL SEEM AS IF THEY CAME FROM THE SAME MOLD.
LET'S SLEEP ON IT AND WE'LL FIGURE IT OUT IN THE MORNING.


M.SERABLE INSOMNIA. BUT THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS, AND I CAN'T SLEEP WONDERING IF I'M GOING TO BE HACKED TO DEATH IN MY BED.
I'M JUST FUNNY THAT WAY


MAYBE THERE'S A BORING SHOW ON THE BOOB TUBE.
SPEAKING OF BOOBS...
BAD EVENING, SPOOKERS AND SPOOKETTES. TIME FOR ANOTHER FRIGHT FLICK FROM VAMFIRE.
BUT BEFORE WE START OUR MOVIE, I WANT ALL YOU LITTLE BOOKWORMS TO RUN TO YOUR LOCAL STORE AND PICK UP ALGERNON WALLSTONE'S "THE HAUNTED ONES."

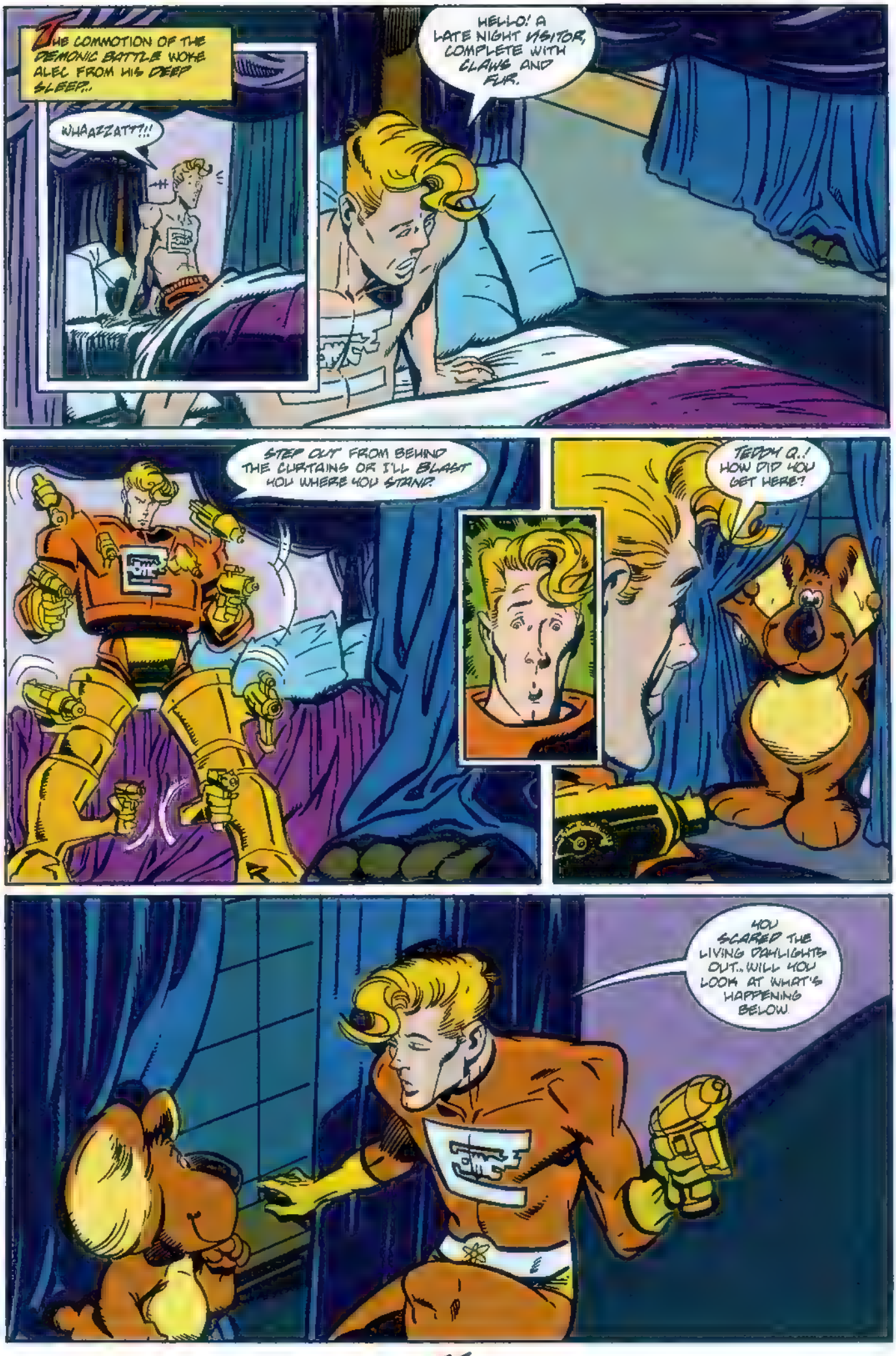
IT'S A SPOOKTACULAR STORY ABOUT A WEIRD FAMILY WHO LOOKS SO MUCH ALIKE IT'S AS IF THEY ALL CAME FROM THE SAME MOLD. AND THAT'S BECAUSE... THEY DID!
WHAT DO YOU KNOW? FROM THE PEN OF ALGERNON WALLSTONE TO THE HOUSE ON THE HILL.
TIME FOR SOME LATE NIGHT WANDERING


ON THE WAY TO MY ROOM, I NOTICED A BIZARRE PUMPING SOUND COMING FROM THE END OF THE CORRIDOR. PERHAPS THEY'RE MAKING MORE JENSENS IN THERE.

THE MACABRE SOUND IS COMING FROM BEHIND THIS DOOR.
"MACABRE?" I DO BELIEVE I'M HITTING THE DREGS ON SPOOKY ADJECTIVES
NOVA!

OH, HELLO, CHILDREN.
CAN'T SLEEP? WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO FIX YOU SOME HOT COCOA AND RUSTLE UP A FEW FUDGE-COVERED SHORTBREAD COOKIES?

GRRRR
WHOA! I GUESS NOT!
CHILDREN SHOULDN'T BE UPPITY TOWARD THEIR ELDERS.
ZZZZZZZZZ
ZANG!
THOSE WERE MY STRONGEST BLASTS. THEY WOULD HAVE SHATTERED A TANK.
GET AWAY FROM ME! STOP THAT! NO!
CHILLL-DREN!
YOU'RE BEING BAD AGAIN, CHILDREN. NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY.
I HOPE YOU WILL FORGIVE THEO AND THELIA, BUT NO ONE IS ALLOWED IN THAT ROOM AND I SUPPOSE THEY WERE TRYING TO ENLIGHTEN YOU ABOUT THE RULE
A VERBAL ADMONITION WOULD HAVE BEEN FINE.
WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?
IF YOU REALLY WANT TO FIND OUT, THEN YOU WILL STAY UNTIL MORNING.
IN FACT, YOU HAVE NO CHOICE. YOU ARE BEING WATCHED, AND IF YOU TRY TO LEAVE... WELL, I REFUSE TO BE HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO YOU.
SUPER HEROES ARE NOT SUPERNATURAL, YOU KNOW.


THE COMMOTION OF THE DEMONIC BATTLE WOKE ALEC FROM HIS DEEP SLEEP..
WHAZZATT?!!
HELLO! A LATE NIGHT VISITOR, COMPLETE WITH CLAWS AND FUR.
STEP OUT FROM BEHIND THE CURTAINS OR I'LL BLAST YOU WHERE YOU STAND!
TEDDY Q..! HOW DID YOU GET HERE?
YOU SCARED THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS OUT.. WILL YOU LOOK AT WHAT'S HAPPENING BELOW.

NOW THAT'S AN INTERESTING SIGHT.
?
ALGIE IS GIVING KATIE HIS UNPUBLISHED BOOK. NOT UNUSUAL. A MAN WOULD BE DELIGHTED TO HAVE HIS FUTURE WIFE TAKE AN INTEREST IN HIS WORK.
BUT THE HOUR... IS UNUSUAL.
LAIR OF THE DARK THINGS BY ALGERNON WALLSTONE
WAIT HERE, SWEETHEART, AND I'LL SEE IF UNCLE MEDULLA IS STILL AWAKE.
I KNOW HE'LL WANT TO PUBLISH YOUR NEW BOOK. HE LOVED YOUR OTHER ONES.
I REALLY APPRECIATE THIS, HONEY. I NEVER KNEW YOU HAD A RELATIVE WHO WAS INTO LITERATURE.
I MUSTN'T LET HER SEE ME. EVEN IN THIS DISGUISE, I COULD CREATE A COMMOTION.
GOOSH-GOOSH
I SUPPOSE MEDULLA IS IN THERE, BUT WHAT IS THE WEIRD GOOSH-GOOSH NOISE COMING FROM? NOTHING HUMAN.
HEY! I'M NOT ALONE IN HERE.
SLAM!

COMICO HYPE PAGE

SPRING FEVER

Ah, spring! When flowers bud and bloom! When the frost of winter melts into a puddle of mush! When romantically-inclined poets run amok!...and when the New Kid on the Editorial Block gets to write a Blimp filled with hype.

Such friskiness aside, spring it is, and time to speak of growth and expansion: new imprints, new titles, and more!

We kicked off our Keyline Books imprint a few months ago with **Peter Gross's** *Empire Lanes* #1, and now we're developing the line with the regular, quarterly *Empire Lanes* series (and trade paperback) and the debut of *Jaguar Stories*, a new series from Eisner Award-nominated writer **Steve Seagle** and artist **M. Dalton** (*Graphique Musique*) **Allred.** It's a look at contemporary Los Angeles, replete with drugs, crime, and zoned-out film students. It's a wonderful life...unless you're living it.

Meanwhile, over in our regular line, we're adding an exciting, monthly full-color series by one-man band **Bruce Zick:** *The Universal Intergalactic Discovery Company, Ltd.* The once and future miracle of the universe, the Exploratoreum, acquires an Earth man and his dog...and the universe will never be the same again. Astonishment, wonder, and intergalactic grandeur are yours for the partaking in the pages of the *UIDC!*

Then...unaware of their past, unsure about their future, the Atomic Clones debut this summer in a miniseries with scripts by **Robert Loren Fleming,** pencils by **Paris Cullins** and his **Maximum Overtime** studio, and inks by **Bill Anderson.** Join them as they investigate their origin, learn their true destiny, and discover that not all clones are created equal!

And, oh, there's more, but I'm out of room, so I can't mention *Comico Illustrated* (though see last month's Blimp), the return of *Grendel* (with the new art team of **Patrick McEown** and **Matt Wagner**), the *Rocketeer,* the **Cuti/Staton** *Michael Mauser* one-shot, *Grendel Tales* or the all-**Matt Wagner** *Batman/Grendel* miniseries.

Ah, March! In like a lion, out like a wet lion.

Timothy Mennel
Submissions 'n' Stuff

STAFF

Gerry Giovinco
Dennis LaSorda
Phil LaSorda
Publishers

Rick Taylor
Art Director

Shelly Roeberg
Editorial Coordinator

MARCH

SHIPPING

March 13
ELEMENTALS #13

March 27
E-MAN #3 (of 3)

SHIPPING APR 3

EMPIRE LANES TRADE PAPERBACK

Dying to delve into the origin of those medieval misfits who reside in a decrepit Chicago bowling alley? Want to meet their archenemy, a menacing, immoral Guild Sorceress? Recounting the Companions first shot at existence in the big city, the *Empire Lanes* Trade Paperback is a reprinted and repackaged collection of **Peter Gross's** original four issues. Featuring an all-new, picturesque color cover and a cliffhanger that segues into next month's release, *Empire Lanes* Book I, the *Empire Lanes* Trade Paperback uniquely interweaves pathos, adventure, sorcery, and humor. And you thought bowling was bogus! ***A Keyline Book.***

128 pgs. $9.95 U.S. $11.95 CAN.

SHIPPING APR 10

ELEMENTALS #14

Total Fathom issue! Everyone's favorite fashion princess reveals a new side as she's en route to Bermuda—no tanning intended! Recruited to investigate a series of shark attacks on dolphins, Fathom discovers an undersea killing base run by leftovers from everyone's favorite island (and it's not Gilligan's)! It's a water war resulting in carcasses galore as Fathom takes a social stand in "Hammerheads." Created, written, and featuring cover art by **Bill Willingham,** this issue is pencilled by **Mike Leeke,** inked by **Mike Chen,** lettered by **Kurt Hathaway,** colored by new regular team member **Marcus David,** and edited by new managing editor **Shelly Roeberg.** *Adult language.*

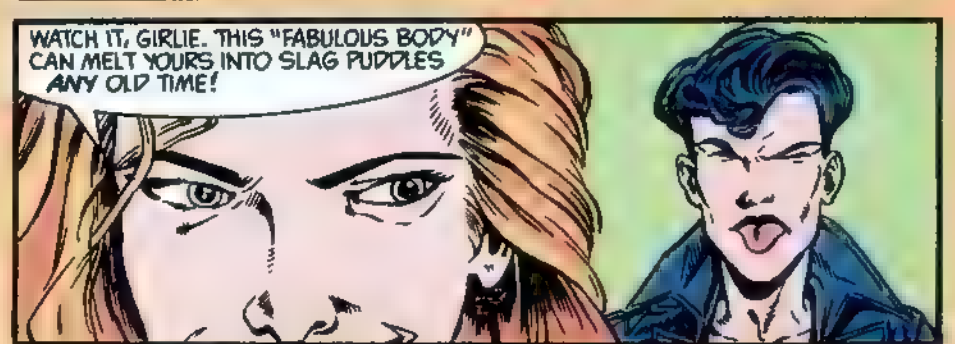
32 pgs. $2.50 U.S. $3.00 CAN.

SHIPPING APR 17

MORNINGSTAR #1

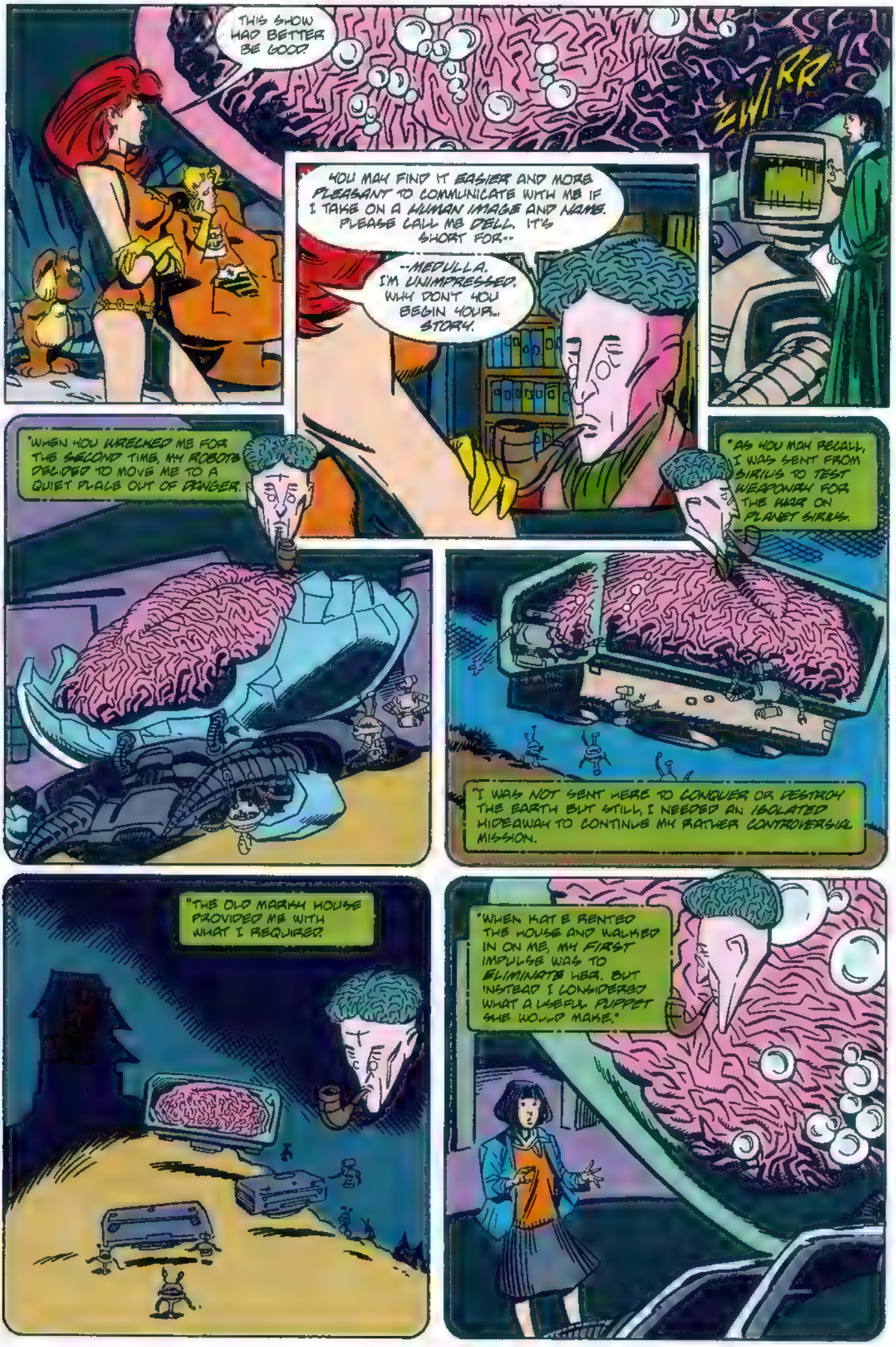
While on a jaunt in husband Ambrose's faerie realm, newlywed Morningstar and her uneasy ally Fantasia are attacked by a vindictive young man who claims Morningstar murdered his father. The Elementals' hottest member quickly learns she is out of her element in a stunning battle of super-heroics versus sword and sorcery. Also, a startling connection between the wizard Ambrose and the legendary King Arthur is revealed. This one-shot Special is written and illustrated by **Bill Willingham,** colored by **Julia Lacquement,** lettered by **Bob Pinaha,** and edited by **Michael Eury.** *Some adult language.*

32 pgs. $2.50 U.S. $3.00 CAN.

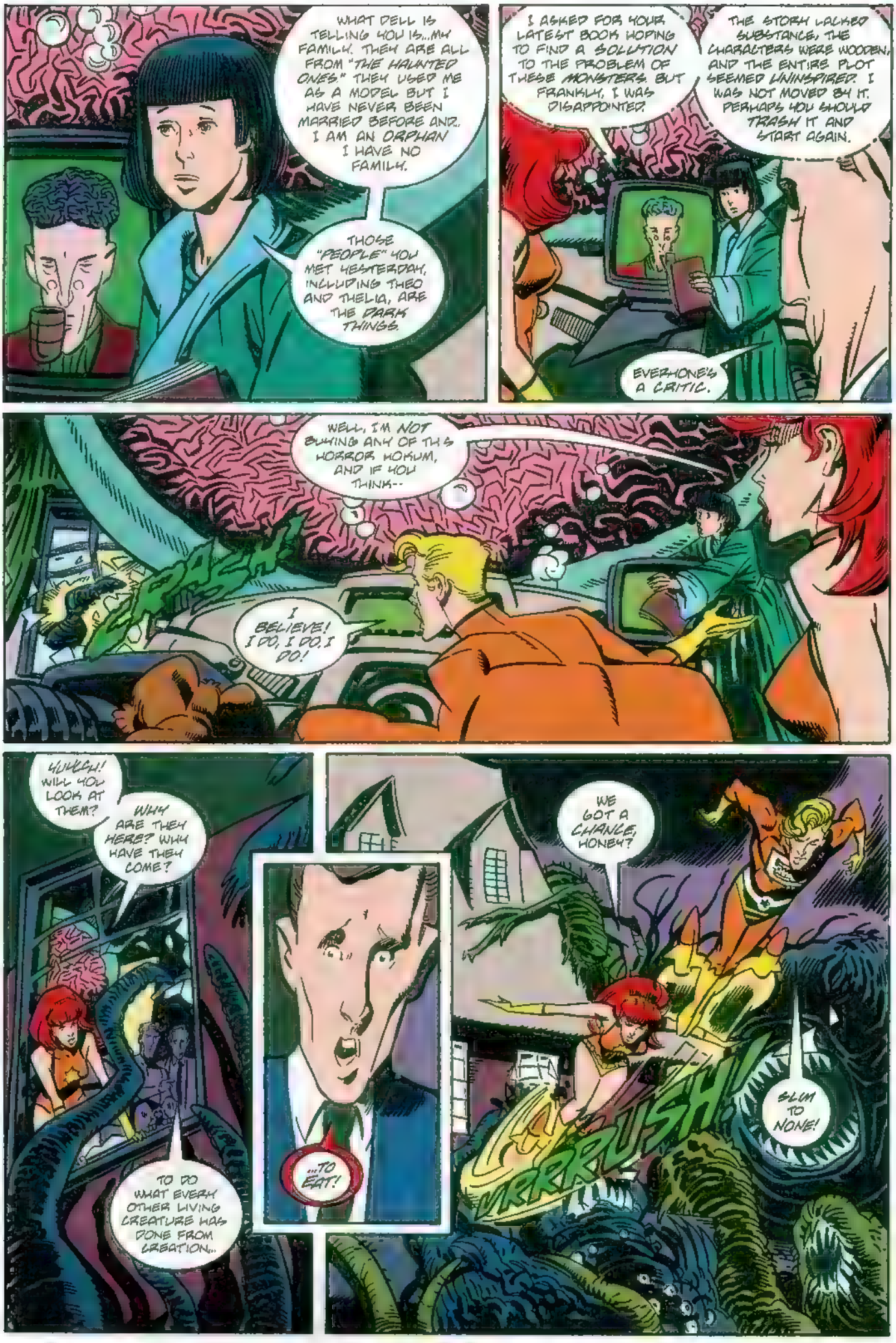


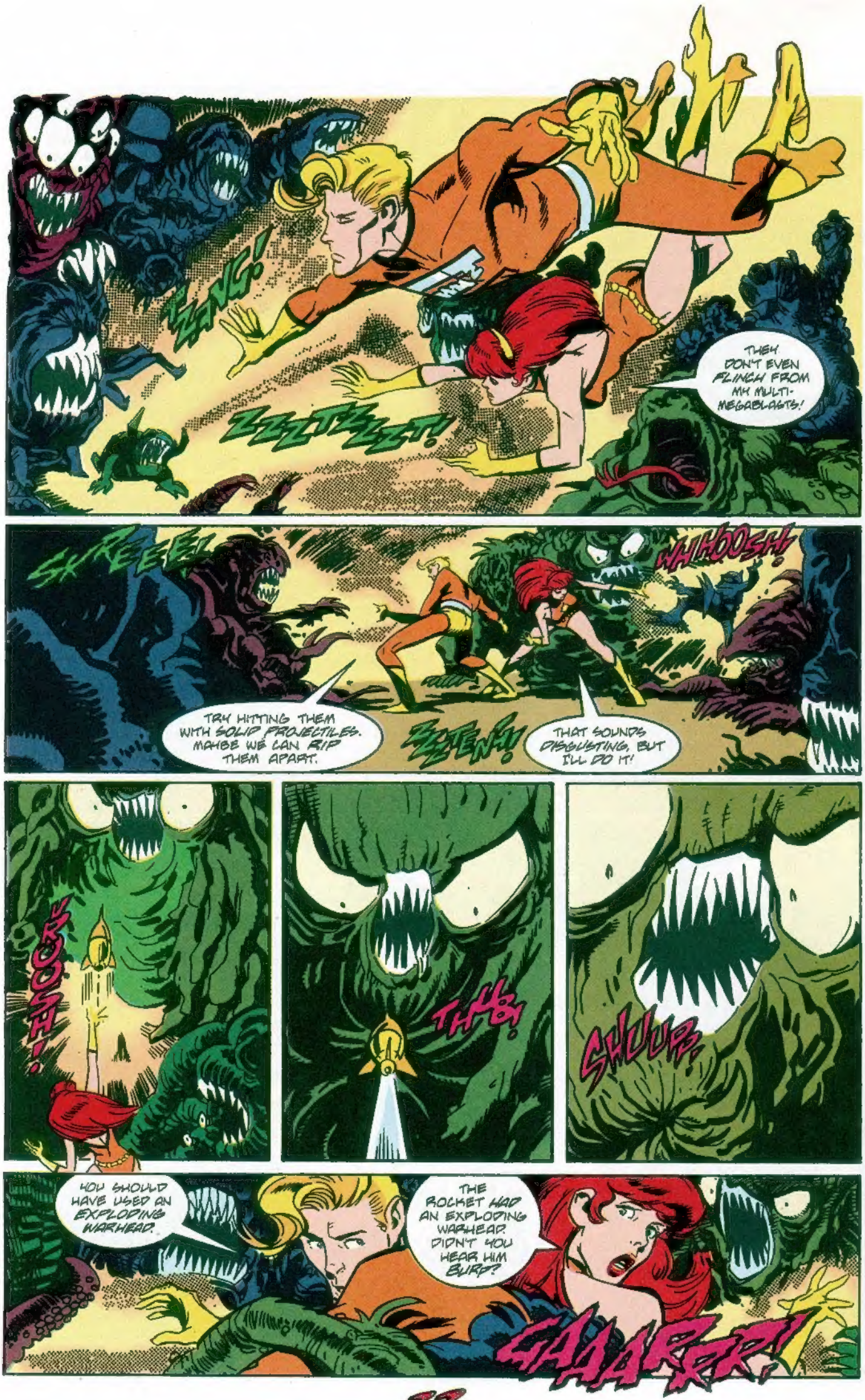
MORNINGSTAR TM and © 1990 William T. Willingham

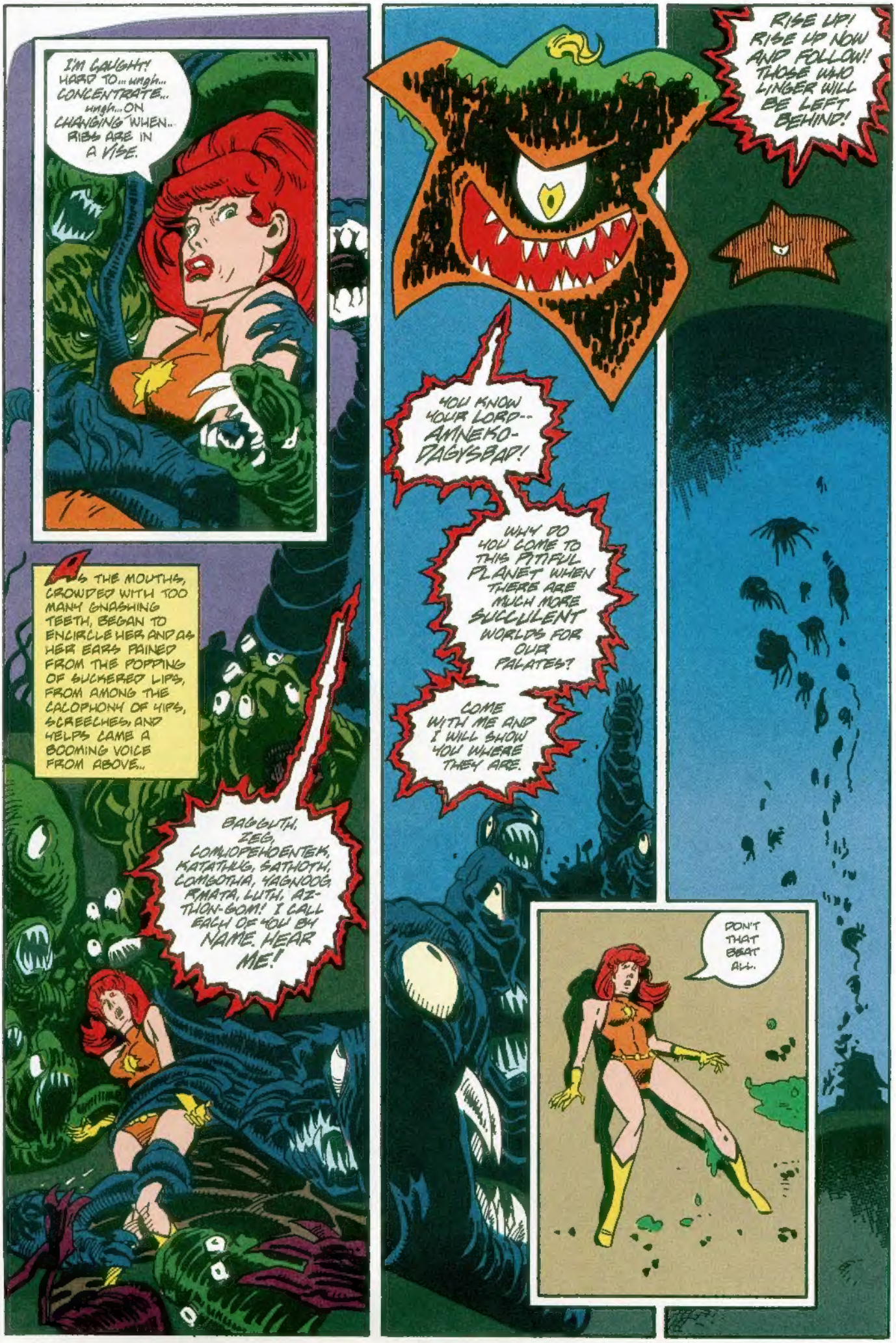
DON'T GET TOUGH WITH ME, BUSTER, BECAUSE AS YOU CAN SEE, I'M NO ORDINARY MOUSE.
RELAX, E-MOUSE, I'M NOT SEARCHING FOR A FIGHT. EVEN RATS NEED LOVE.
NOVA?
OF COURSE.
SO WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON IN THE LOCKED ROOM?
KATIE JUST WENT INSIDE AND IT'S TIME FOR US TO GO IN, TOO.
SOUNDS ALL RIGHT, BUT CHANGE FIRST
I'M NOT CHARGING IN THERE WITH A TALL, ORANGE MOUSE FOR MY BACK-UP.
OOPS, SORRY. I FORGOT
ZING!
ARE YOU SERIOUS?!
I MOST CERTAINLY AM.
THE BRAIN FROM SIRIUS.*
WE'VE DEMOLISHED YOU BEFORE AND YOU'VE ALWAYS COME BACK. BUT THIS TIME--
NO! NO! PLEASE DON'T HURT HIM. HEAR HIS STORY FIRST. PLEASE!
*SEE THE ORIGINAL RUN OF E-MAN #6, JANUARY 1975--SHELLY


THIS SHOW HAD BETTER BE GOOD!
ZWI RR
YOU MAY FIND IT EASIER AND MORE PLEASANT TO COMMUNICATE WITH ME IF I TAKE ON A HUMAN IMAGE AND NAME. PLEASE CALL ME DELL. IT'S SHORT FOR--
--MEDULLA. I'M UNIMPRESSED. WHY DON'T YOU BEGIN YOUR... STORY.
"WHEN YOU WRECKED ME FOR THE SECOND TIME, MY ROBOTS DECIDED TO MOVE ME TO A QUIET PLACE OUT OF DANGER.
"AS YOU MAY RECALL, I WAS SENT FROM SIRIUS TO TEST WEAPONRY FOR THE WAR ON PLANET SIRIUS.
"I WAS NOT SENT HERE TO CONQUER OR DESTROY THE EARTH BUT STILL, I NEEDED AN ISOLATED HIDEAWAY TO CONTINUE MY RATHER CONTROVERSIAL MISSION.
"THE OLD MARSH HOUSE PROVIDED ME WITH WHAT I REQUIRED.
"WHEN KATE RENTED THE HOUSE AND WALKED IN ON ME, MY FIRST IMPULSE WAS TO ELIMINATE HER. BUT INSTEAD I CONSIDERED WHAT A USEFUL PUPPET SHE WOULD MAKE."

"I WANTED TO LEARN ALL I COULD ABOUT THE EARTH AND ITS PEOPLE.
"EACH DAY, KATIE READ TO ME AND AS THE TIME PASSED, A BOND BEGAN TO FORM BETWEEN TEACHER AND PUPIL. I GREW VERY FOND OF HER, BUT MORE IMPORTANTLY I GREW TO RESPECT HER FELLOW BEINGS.
"ANY CREATURES CAPABLE OF MAGNIFICENT THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS DID NOT DESERVE THE LIKES OF ME.
"AND THEN, WHEN THE DARK THINGS FELL FROM THE SKY AND I SAW THAT THEY WERE NEARLY MINDLESS, I THOUGHT WHAT WORKED FOR ME WOULD WORK FOR THEM.
"WITH THE ENTHUSIASM OF A CONVERT, I SENT MY ROBOTS FORTH TO PREACH THE GOSPEL OF HUMANITY.
"UNFORTUNATELY, I HAD MADE THE SENTIMENTAL MISTAKE OF BEGINNING THE LESSON WITH THE BOOKS OF MY TEACHER'S FIANCÉ, ALGERNON WALLSTONE"
OHMYGOD! YOU MEAN MY NIGHTMARES ARE ROAMING OUTSIDE?
"THOSE GHASTLY, AMBLING, EBBING, SAUNTERING CREEPING, PROTOPLASMIC CORRUPTIONS ARE SHAPE-CHANGERS FROM THE COSMOS WHO HAVE TAKEN ON THE FORMS AND IDENTITIES OF THE MALODOROUS ABOMINATIONS OF YOUR ID.
"AND THEY ARE NOT EXCLUSIVELY ON THE OUTSIDE."


WHAT DELL IS TELLING YOU IS...MY FAMILY. THEY ARE ALL FROM "THE HAUNTED ONES." THEY USED ME AS A MODEL BUT I HAVE NEVER BEEN MARRIED BEFORE AND.. I AM AN ORPHAN I HAVE NO FAMILY.
THOSE "PEOPLE" YOU MET YESTERDAY, INCLUDING THEO AND THELIA, ARE THE DARK THINGS.
I ASKED FOR YOUR LATEST BOOK HOPING TO FIND A SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM OF THESE MONSTERS. BUT FRANKLY, I WAS DISAPPOINTED.
THE STORY LACKED SUBSTANCE, THE CHARACTERS WERE WOODEN, AND THE ENTIRE PLOT SEEMED UNINSPIRED. I WAS NOT MOVED BY IT. PERHAPS YOU SHOULD TRASH IT AND START AGAIN.
EVERYONE'S A CRITIC.
WELL, I'M NOT BUYING ANY OF THIS HORROR HOKUM, AND IF YOU THINK--
I BELIEVE! I DO, I DO, I DO!
YUKKCH! WILL YOU LOOK AT THEM?
WHY ARE THEY HERE? WHY HAVE THEY COME?
TO DO WHAT EVERY OTHER LIVING CREATURE HAS DONE FROM CREATION...
...TO EAT!
WE GOT A CHANCE, HONEY?
SLIM TO NONE!
CHARRUSH!
VRRRR


ZZANG!
ZZLTZZLT!
THEY DON'T EVEN FLINCH FROM MY MULTI-MEGABLASTS!
SKREEEE!
WAHOOSH!
TRY HITTING THEM WITH SOLID PROJECTILES. MAYBE WE CAN RIP THEM APART.
ZZTENH!
THAT SOUNDS DISGUSTING, BUT I'LL DO IT!
KOOSH!
THB!
SHUUP.
YOU SHOULD HAVE USED AN EXPLODING WARHEAD.
THE ROCKET HAD AN EXPLODING WARHEAD. DIDN'T YOU HEAR HIM BURP?
GAAARRR!


I'm caught! Hard to... ugh... concentrate... ugh... on changing when... ribs are in a vise.
As the mouths, crowded with too many gnashing teeth, began to encircle her and as her ears pained from the popping of suckered lips, from among the cacophony of yips, screeches, and yelps came a booming voice from above...
Baggoth, Zeg, Comjopehoentek, Katathlg, Sathoth, Comgotha, Yagnoog, Rmata, Luth, Az-thon-bom! I call each of you by name. Hear me!
You know your lord-- Ameko-Dagysbad!
Why do you come to this pitiful planet when there are much more succulent worlds for our palates?
Come with me and I will show you where they are.
Rise up! Rise up now and follow! Those who linger will be left behind!
Don't that beat all.

EVEN THE "HAUNTED ONES" FOLLOWED AMNEKO-DAGHSBAD INTO SPACE.
BUT WHERE DID HE COME FROM? HE WASN'T WITH THE OTHER DARK THINGS.
AMNEK-WHATEVER WAS E-MAN.
MY MAN IS ONE HECK OF A TRICKSTER.
BUT WHO TOLD E-MAN ABOUT AMNEKO, THE LORD OF ALL THE DARK THINGS?
I DID.
BELIEVE IT OR NOT, SON, I DO READ YOUR BOOKS. THEY'RE WELL-WRITTEN THRILLERS AND SECRETLY, I THINK I'VE ALWAYS BEEN PROUD OF YOU.
MISTER WALLSTONE, WOULD YOU GIVE ME AWAY AT OUR WEDDING?
HE CAN'T, KATIE. HE'S GOING TO BE MY BEST MAN.
WE HAVE A LOT TO TALK OVER.
ARE YOU COMING, NOVA?
AS SOON AS E-MAN LOSES THE UGLIES, HE'LL BE BACK. I'LL JUST WAIT FOR HIM.
I'M TELLING YOU, GUYS, I'M LOST. REALLY LOST.
MAYBE THE BRIGHT STAR IS ARCTURUS LIKE ZEG SAID. BUT I THINK IT'S BETELGEUSE. AND I'M SURE THE STAR WE PASSED WAS PROXIMA CENTAURI, AND.. WE'RE LOST!
END?